Yui wandered through the bustling kink convention. Her bright eyes were drawn to the vibrant displays and the enticing booths that lined the halls. The BDSM and Kink Convention was massive, covering just about every fetish you could conceivably think of, though the area that had a tight grip on Yui's attention was the Rubber Asylum and Prisoner booths. They carried every kind of rubber prisoner attire and bondage, and the red-haired catgirl was spellbound. The straitjackets, the hobble-skirts, the mittens, the gags... She had been dying to try them, but she couldn't muster up the courage at all, and that was just for these items. The inflatable jackets and sacks were among her top items to be stuck in, but those were out of the question. Instead, she continued to browse, and fantasize about the wonderful rubber and bondage...

And yet, one particular booth caught her attention more than the others. It wasn't the most extravagant or flashy; in fact, it seemed almost understated compared to the others. A few people, dressed in sleek, professional attire, stood around what appeared to be ordinary objects: samples of latex and corporate pamphlets. But there was something about it that called to her, a subtle allure that she couldn't quite place.

This was the **MirageCorp** booth, a company known for producing advanced industrial materials and latex products. A woman in a business outfit, wearing a long skirt and blouse, beckoned Yui over with a welcoming smile.

Yui hesitated for a moment, puzzled as to why such a high-profile company would be at this convention, especially with such seemingly bland items on display. However, her curiosity got the better of her, and she walked over to the woman, wondering what she could need.

"Hello there, young lady," the woman greeted her with a sly smile. "Have you heard of MirageCorp before? We're the ones behind many of the advanced smart materials that allow for longer wear in latex and rubber. We might not be as flashy as some of these designers, but we stand by our gear. And... I couldn't help but notice you. We're actually looking for models, maybe to take some photos for our new products."

"Oh, I see! That sounds convenient for people who wear latex and rubber often... but I'm not sure if I'm the right fit for modeling, though..."

Yui took a moment to consider the offer, trying to sense any ulterior motives behind the woman's words. But the invitation seemed genuine, and modeling for new products at a convention wasn't *unheard* of. Just unusual.

"A-Are you sure I'm good enough for this?" Yui asked, her voice wavering. "There are so many other gorgeous women attending the convention tonight."

"Exactly," the woman replied smoothly. "MirageCorp has a strong brand with designers, but we lack appeal with general consumers. None of the lovely latex-lovers like you know who we are. That's why you're perfect. You're special, an unknown, but you've got a certain rare look about you. In fact, we could do some shoots in a room nearby—if you just tell us a bit about yourself. Name, profession, that kind of thing."

"I... I see. Okay, that makes sense. I'm Yui, a freelance posture consultant. I live by myself in the city. Will that do?"

In her sudden excitement, Yui blurted out more personal information than she intended, too caught up in the moment to notice the red flags. Nobody knew she was here, nobody knew she was about to do photo shoots in latex for a company she had never heard of, and most importantly, nobody was here to warn her that this might not end well.

"Lovely, lovely, lovely," the woman cooed, her smile deepening as she memorized every detail. She didn't need to write anything down; it was all being cataloged in her mind, readying Yui for whatever plans she had in store. But she didn't show any of her excitement, maintaining a calm, professional demeanor as she led Yui to a nearby conference room.

The room appeared perfectly legitimate, part of the hotel and convention space, just as one would expect. But something felt off. The fact that a custom-made catsuit had been prepared for Yui in less than an hour was strange, to say the least. The executive team claimed it was a product of their advanced manufacturing technology—a bright, vibrant red suit, just for her.

"O-oh… yes, please… if you don't mind…" Yui stammered, feeling a mixture of excitement and unease as she stripped down in front of the woman she had just met. This was far outside her comfort zone, but everything had seemed proper and legitimate so far.

The woman, with her *pale* skin and *firm hands*, was shorter than Yui, but her piercing gaze and mysterious smile kept Yui captivated as if she was an imposing monolith. She moved with the grace of someone who saw the world as a work of art, her eyes always seeking out things she liked.

The vibrant red catsuit slipped onto Yui's body with the barest lubrication, enveloping her toes, ankles, thighs, and calves in a smooth, tight embrace. The suit covered her rear, her long arms, and finally her hands, encasing every inch of her skin in sweet, red latex. As the woman zipped up the suit in one smooth motion, Yui felt her entire body, from the neck down, being enclosed in the snug material. It tightened on its own, going from loose to mind-blowingly tight in seconds.

"Pretty nice, wouldn't you agree? Do you like wearing it?" the woman asked, her voice almost teasing.

"HhHHIiiihHH?! I-It's so… t-tight! B-But… Mmmhhh… it feels so… so nice… wow…"

Yui's voice trembled with a mix of surprise and pleasure as she ran her latex-covered hands over her suited body. She let out a long, airy sigh. She let out soft moans, almost forgetting where she was and why she had been given the suit in the first place.

"If only I could just wear this forever… Wait, what am I saying? Haha, whoops. Please don't mind me. Is there anything else I need before the shoot?"

"No," the woman replied, leaning in close to Yui. "You've said everything you possibly could."

The woman's fingers brushed over Yui's neck, and before Yui could realize she was in trouble, the photos were already being taken. The woman slipped on a gas mask, and sleeping gas began to fill the room.

"What does that mean… why are you wearing a ga—NO, PLEASE!!!"

Yui's voice turned frantic as the realization of what was happening dawned on her. She darted towards the door, but there was no handle, no way out. The gas didn't knock her out immediately. She had a few frantic moments of clawing at the door, only to realize it was locked. Her body grew weaker with each breath, air leaving her lungs, replaced by the gas. She was still conscious enough to feel the woman and her staff grabbing her, strapping her arms and legs against a long, squishy slab, before stretching a heavy rubber sheet over her.

Yui could barely make gentle breaths and grunts as the vac-seal began. The air rushed out of the bed, and the pressure felt odd as Yui was soon completely encased in two layers of snug latex. Immobilized in a vacbed, she was easy to hide away for transport out of the convention. Not that they needed to

be very stealthy—Phantom, the Directrix, had paid a bundle to help host the event. Nobody would have batted an eye even if Yui was taken out in broad daylight.

There would be no escape for her. None at all. She fell into a dreamless sleep in her exquisitely tight rubber prison.

When Yui awoke, she found herself in MirageCorp's headquarters, deep within Phantom's lair. She didn't need anyone to tell her that she was in deep trouble. The padded rubber cell around her had three solid walls, with a large glass wall on the last. Beyond the glass, she could see the elaborate high-tech production facility that Phantom had mentioned earlier.

She was still wearing the red catsuit, and she knew she would be for a long, long time. Sitting on a chair in the padded rubber room, watching Yui slowly stir awake, was Phantom herself.

Yui had been dreaming, or perhaps she hadn't. The tight confinement had made her unsure of what was real. But one thing she knew for certain: she wasn't going home anytime soon.

"What... What is this place? What do you plan to do to me? You can't just keep me here forever!" Yui shouted, her voice filled with panic as she struggled to sit up, only to slump back down on the rubber floor, light-headed from the effort.

"Who... who are you, even...?" she asked weakly.

The woman who had stunned her earlier was now dressed in shinier black latex, no longer in business attire. Phantom licked her lips and spoke with a cruel, intense tone that sent shivers down Yui's spine.

"Good afternoon, sweetie. You're asking a lot of questions for my rubber prisoner. Usually, I don't bother answering them, but since you were so willing earlier, I'll be nice. I am Directrix Phantom, and you're in the MirageCorp headquarters, two levels underground. This is my lair, your new home."

Phantom's maternal tone was laced with a sinister edge. As she moved closer, her glowing green eyes gleamed with lustful malice. "No matter where you go, you'll **never** escape my grasp. Because I **don't want you to**. I can, and I **will** keep you in my possession **forever**, sweetheart."

Yui's heart raced as Phantom continued. This woman was something *else*.

"I saw a catgirl... and simply had to have you. I've never collected one before, and I've never seen one at a convention like that, so eager, so willing. I've never before had someone so perfect to join my... well, as I said, my **collection**."

"Y-Your collection?

"A perfect and rare creature like you deserves to be preserved and kept."

"M-Me..? Perfect...? I-... I couldn't be... I'm nothing special..."

"Yes you are, lovely. You're a rare creature. Unique. In addition to your physical traits, it's also your attitude. The things you like."

Phantom leaned in. She gently put her foot on Yui's thigh, raising it a bit until the toe of her boot teases between her legs.

"I know you. A loving latex addict. A sweetheart. One who wants, no..."

She retracted the boot and leaned in further with a squeak.

"...NEEDS to be shiny, sealed up. One who is best as a trophy wife. As an objet d'art. As something I show off to friends... or just JEALOUSLY guard. Other rare creatures are here too, but as I said. You're special... even if hooded and anonymous."

Phantom ran a finger over Yui's ear. She's seemingly beckoning her closer, too.

Yui recoiled ever so slightly at the boot coming to sit on her thigh, but a blush quickly formed across her cheeks as Phantom blatantly complimented her. She could not figure out why, but this woman was simply so... alluring. She -**wanted**- to be at her mercy, no, ***needed*** *it.*

"I-.. I do like latex... A lot... Yes... Y-You're right... B-but you would really keep me in such high regard...? Always...?"

Yui swallows the saliva that had been pooling in her mouth, following Phantom's beckon subconsciously.

"Well that depends on how good you can take my favorite little obsession. You see, not everyone I even have my eye on, or decide to grab, has the same preferences."

Phantom leans in and tugs Yui closer. She grabs at the collar, brings her closer.
It's a powerful feeling, being yanked around, being forced to stare at Phantom's face. No escaping her eyes and visage. Almost manic with delight.
"Not everyone I know likes being pressured. Not everyone I collect makes such a good squeeze-slut."
"For just so long I've wanted someone who will beg, and moan, and plead to get absolutely crushed under my grasp. I want to see them pleading in erotic agony that they're so free, desperate to get encased with the same ULTRAMAX bondage we'd use on dangerous prisoners."

Entirely unable to avert her eyes at all, Yui is just forced to lose herself in Phantom's deep, green eyes, listening to each and every word with curious intent.

"Wh-What if... What if I agreed to try it....? B-Becoming a..-..."

She swallows again.

A Squeeze-Slut...

"Absolutely. I want someone I can rubberize and press. I want to see you thrashing and mewling as you get that hot body of yours packed and inflated. I want you to BEG for me to press you more, pleasure you more. I need someone that wants me to lock them up in a nice little rubber cell and seal them in, their only hope of escape being that I'll come back to torment and tease and use them more..."

Yui went silent for a bit. By the time any noise left her lips, she had to repeat her words multiple times.

"-e me... -ze me... Please... -eeze me, then... P-Please squeeze me, then.. M-Mistress Phantom..... Please... Make me your **Squeeze-Slut"**

Phantom sits Yui up, pulls her closer, pulls her between her legs.

She put one hand on the back of Yui's neck, and the other on her collar.

"Say it again. Just one more time for me. Tell me what you want me to do to you. Tell me what I can do with all of these lovely devices and products."

This was the absolute point of no return. If she did this, she would never leave, though that was likely the outcome regardless.

"Make me your personal Squeeze-Slut!! Seal me away in an inflated rubber prison!! Squeeze and press me in your warm, rubbery embrace!!"

Phantom laughs. It's not the response most would give. But it's a laugh of excitement, of delight.

Of having someone to truly torture and tease with exquisitely extreme rubber bondage. Ohhhh yes, she'd wanted this for a very long time.

"With… pleasure. "

Phantom hugged her tight, in a way that was affectionate and luridly terrifying. Felt her hot breath on Yui's neck. Felt her warm body against hers.
She was already having her underlings escort Yui through the facility to an advanced looking lab, one with direct elevator access to Phantom's penthouse above, and not too far from other areas Phantom grimly implied has other bound and gagged and sealed captives…
Eventually she was escorted to a room with a curious/looking cylinder in it, about as tall as a person, made of plastic or glass.

And a series of walkways going up to it, where, at the top, there was also a number of chains and other industrial items.

"Come now dear. Let's ascend. I had this built while you were asleep. I've been *sooooo* eager for a **perfect rubber perma-prisoner** in my grasp.

In fact. Look at your thigh. That red catsuit has a barcode on it, your name, and instructions on how you are NEVER to be allowed to escape or released from my possession…"

Any normal person would have been terrified, disgusted, and doing everything in their power to leave this place. Instead, a shudder ran down her spine, and she had to suppress the urge to drool a little. How had she turned into this mindset so quickly? Had she even been turned at all? Wasn't this just what she always wanted? Yes, it was. She needed this. To become Mistress Phantom's personal rubber slut, imprisoned for her to enjoy and love in her own way.

"Oooooh. Yes, we picked right," Phantom said. She ran a finger up Yui's thigh, circling the writing on it, before going between her legs for far too brief a moment.
"You're warm."

Phantom hugged Yui tight. Groping her rear, massaging her back, pulling her in close, close close.

"I'm going to ruin you, rubberslut. You know that."

She whispered it into her ear, while gently stroking the back of the kitty's neck.

"Yes, Mistress Phantom. Ruin me. Break me. Mold me into the squeeze-doll you desire."

She couldn't stand it, she needed to be so close to Mistress Phantom, she desperately craved being touched, pressed, crushed and squeezed by her.

Phantom was just COOING with delight. She brought Yui over to an elevator which would bring them up to the top of the silo, but she couldn't stay away.

While they were ascending, Phantom kissed her. Dipped her backwards over the railing, while jealousy clutching the back of her head, possessing her. *“Mine,”* she thought.

All while giving her an intense, deep kiss on the lips... mmmmh..

This was absolute and pure bliss. Yui couldn't believe how her entire life had been turned on its head in such a short time, but here she was, a rubber. bondage, squeeze-slut for Mistress Phantom. Hers. Hers, hers, hers, **hers**.

She reciprocated the kiss, their tongues coiling and twirling, mixing and drinking each others' saliva. It was a primal feast for both.

The kiss broke after a long trip up to the top.

At the top of it, Phantom gently took Yui over to the silo. There were lots of chains, lots of gear, and a number of mechanical armatures to help prepare her ULTRAMAX encasement.

Phantom was still shuddering, practically panting now. "Tsk. All these witnesses. They'll be vERY quiet, if they know what's good for them. Unless they also want to end up pressed and trapped like you are.

Don't worry... nobody will tell anyone about where you are~

Now, legs spread. Put them on these pads here and here, and we'll get you suited up.

Yui admired and observed everything in this place. The gear, the chains, the armatures. Oh, she couldn't wait to find out what it was all for, and she was about to do exactly that.

She smiled so gently at Mistress Phantom, so full of joy, lust and the simple longing to be her prisoner. 💕

Her legs were soon in place, exactly as instructed. Any moment now...

=====

Her feet on the pads meant that her legs were stuck in place. Thick rubber boots were locked around her feet, protecting and pressing against them.

A thick, tough, tight rubber belt around her legs, Phantom was just grinning.
Soft, thick plugs, lubricated, slowly entering between Yui's legs.

One in her womanhood, a smaller one in her rear. Both designed to expand, vibrate, tease, stimulate her and more.

She was just getting absolutely **full**. And Phantom was just getting started.

She hugged Yui verrry close... as she slipped the jacket on. Phantom's breasts, her body rubbing up against Yui's as she fit her arms through the sleeves.

Left sleeve. No turning back.
Right sleeve. None at all.

Gently, geeeently rubbing her body against hers,
"This jacket has a number of features. Little pads might provide a zap to keep your muscles in shape... and the suction tips will more than tease your teats. Ohhhh that's not even necessary, that was just fun for me."
Brushing up against your nipples and making your breasts get all hot and making you EXTRA needy..

The plugs slid right in. She was *soaked*, needy, horny. The jacket felt heavenly, she couldn't tell that her arms were in sleeves, it just felt natural to her. Her full, perky breasts strained against the jacket, making sure her nipples were seated into the suction tips **perfectly**.

Everything had been considered for her, and she was in a trance from being in such close contact with Mistress Phantom. Yui might belong to Mistress Phantom now, but in her mind, Mistress Phantom also belonged to her.

Phantom smiled.

"Oh, and the jacket's just the START, slut."

The jacket's clasps all locked. Magnetically. No key-holes.
Only Phantom's voice would let them release.

With her feet held in place, next up came a large, inflatable jacket that went *over* her tight straitjacket! Big, thick, puffy, heavy, with large **metal** bands and segments to keep her all nice and caged. It locked around her chest, and Phantom started to inflate it. A pair of tubes began to pump her up... and Phantom was absolutely *beaming*.

"I've never had a catgirl in my collection. I hear you're all very sturdy too. You're a good part of my collection. No more running or jumping needed. Freedom? Who needs it when you're in my exquisite rubber?"

The pressure started between the inner layer, which wrapped all around Yui, and the outer layer. Soon, the jacket was starting to bulge against the metal seams...

Phantom locked extra straps and harnesses around the orange jacket for good measure, further locking her up, further squeezing and deforming the inflatable.

And with each lock – no keyhole, no picking it with a lockpick. Only Phantom could let her free.

"It's SO tight!! Mmfhhghh... I LOVE it... Nnnnn..."

The pressure was immense, overwhelming, *delightful*. She could barely even move her head. She heard every single lock click shut, and shuddered each time. She was so far past the point of no return, that it wasn't even funny, but she needed so much more. Her Mistress would provide. **HER** Mistress, Phantom belonged to Yui now, she was hers, in a twisted way, even when Yui knew that she herself was the prisoner.

But Mistress Phantom was HER warden, nobody could replace her, and Mistress was HERS.

Phantom didn't let up, though. She knew she loved it. That's why it got her going so much.

That's when she showed off the sack.

Thicker, tighter, and lowered from behind. It had two massive chains holding it up. Clearly it was heavy; a lot of rubber in black and orange, with an absolutely colossal inflatable collar topping it all off.

"I just love hearing you mewl. I love it when my prisoners BEG and MEWL. I like hearing it, I like hearing you pleading, loving... yes... though it might be a bit harder soon..."

Phantom's eyes glowed. The toys inside her slowly thrummed to life. Yui felt her breath get faster... she barely realized when Phantom had guided her into that massive second layer, the extreme rubber sack.

It was big, it wasn't the most "visually attractive" thing. But who cared?
Nobody was going to see her once she went into the hole.
The bag sealed itself, making it totally impossible for her to escape from the heavy bag.

"I'm not filling this one with air, though. I've got an advanced gel. It's a bit mean... but you can take it.

It's designed to EXPAND; a thick rubbery gel, pressing the hell on all sides and building up a lot of heat. And it has the unique property of expanding further with heat... oh dear oh dear.
"Lucky for you, this inflatable collar will protect your neck. Oh it'll be tight. It'll be the same feeling of my hands all over your neck and head all night tonight. A bit snug, but I know you'll grow to love it~ "

"M-Mistress Phantom... F-Fuckkk... IT'S SO TIGHT!! Squeeze me more, please! PLEASE!"

Her body was being pressed so tight she couldn't move a fiber of her being in the slightest, but she loved it. When the toys came to life, her lips quivered from the pleasure added on top, her kitty ears twitched from the rubber creaking as it inflated.

So many added parts and bits, she could barely follow, but she KNEW that the collar would be the BEST THING EVER. She **needed** it around her neck, it was a necessity.

She was drooling so much, but it didn't matter, she had a feeling that her mouth would be PACKED soon enough.

Phantom was just gripping her now as all the third heavy layer of locks pressed down. Yui looked so adorably pathetic now; so many layers of **strict** rubber at once.

The toys started to increase in speed. thrumming. Teasing. Making her *stir*.

The collar was inflating, slowly but surely. It felt warm. It felt like being grabbed, held so nicely. teasing her sensitive nerves, edging at her lovely form. Keeping her head still. Making sure she could never hurt herself.

Phantom ran fingers over Yui's lips. "Hmmm, looks like I inflated the gel a bit too much in your suit. Oh well, I'm sure you can take it. It's not rock solid, but the inner layer is JUST barely mobile enough that you can pretend like you'll be able to move... just kidding. You might hallucinate in lewd, pleasured imaginations, thinking that your extreme rubber encasement is going to let you move **at all.**"

Phantom held her by the back of the head. She was biting her lip, soooo excited, clearly all steamed up – just like Yui.
"Any last words before you go **under**, rubberslut?"

"M-My last words.. Mmmfff... Here they are... **May I cum, Mistress Phantom?**"

Yui was barely holding on, she could have easily orgasmed from simply being crushed so tightly by all this rubber and bondage. She knew that in a different capacity, Mistress Phantom was just as helpless as Yui. Helpless to love, adore, press, hug, kiss, rub, grope, and dote on her new rubber-slut. She just couldn't help it, just like Yui. They **needed** each other.

Yui would dearly miss feeling Mistress Phantom's hands gripping her latex-clad body, but she *knew* that it was only a matter of time until Mistress couldn't contain herself any longer, and would **HAVE** to bring Yui out, to hug and squeeze her... To make Yui pleasure her Mistress.

She was rubbing, grinding her body up against the rubber-sealed catgirl., barely able to hold in her joy as she prepared a thick and fat gag. A long, plug that was going to end in a ball, plugging and making her drool, packing her mouth full, expanding as Phantom inflated the bulb to make her cheeks bulge~

"Yes."

Phantom punctuated it with an INTENSE gagged kiss. Kissing her, licking her, groaning, grinding, rubbing her entire body against her squeeze-slut as she forced Yui over the edge, making the most loud and lewd loving sounds as she made out with the gagged kitty, forcing her to cum even as Yui felt herself slowly lowering into the hatch.

Her mouth was delighted, the gag was perfect, and she needed every last bit of it in her maw. The gagged kiss sent her so far over the edge, she climaxed harder than ever before. Hard enough to pass out, but she flexed her jaw and clenched around the gag instead.

Whining, whimpering, mewling, moaning. The gag muffled it all, but Mistress Phantom knew she loved it.

Her limbs spasmed and twitched... or so she thought. In reality, they didn't move even the slightest bit, she was completely immobilized as the sack was lowered. By the time her orgasm ended, the **hole** was all she saw. Then... another orgasm hit her, and another.

The padded and inflated hood – with pads for her ears, allowing Phantom to communicate, and a built-in visor to transmit visual data – pressed down.

But it didn't stop her from feeling one final physical touch from Phantom...
As she geeeeeeeently but cruelly used the front of her boot to stuff the stuck Yui down allllll the way into the 'whore hatch' so she could lock it tight... Locked away until Mistress Phantom decides to get all intimate and snuggly with her new favorite Squeeze-slut~